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THE THIRLmere SCHEME.

THERE is no department of sanitary science which has received so much attention in ancient as well as in modern times as finding a good and sufficient supply of water for large towns. This is so indispensable to the health and comfort of every community, that no difficulties or cost can be allowed to stand in the way. The subject is one of enormous difficulty; public feeling demands, and public law makes it absolutely compulsory on the part of municipal corporations that they shall not only satisfy, but also forestall the demand by anticipation.

The main requisites of the source of a supply are—that there is a sufficiently large area of gathering-ground; that it should be in a district where the rainfall is known to be great; the surrounding country should be sparsely inhabited; and where the work would be simple and inexpensive to make. The Lake of Thirlmere is exactly such a place as that described; and Manchester has just celebrated the completion of works which have occupied nine years in construction, and are said to be the largest of the kind ever made.

The supply of water to a city is usually one of gradual development. Until 1851, Manchester was chiefly dependent on rain-water stored in cisterns, pumps, and wells, and the limited resources of the Manchester and Salford Water-works Company, augmented by a supply from the Manchester and Stockport Canal. The consequence was that from these resources the supply was very inferior in quality and very small in quantity. In 1847, the Manchester Corporation were again turning their attention to obtaining a larger supply, and ultimately fixed on the Longendale district, which lies about eighteen miles east from the city. The watershed embraces nineteen thousand three hundred acres, and the valleys range from five hundred to nineteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. These works were completed

in 1874. The great increase of consumption which at once followed, amounting to eight hundred thousand gallons daily per annum, showed that in a few years this water-supply would be insufficient; and before the Longendale works were quite finished, the Manchester Corporation were again making inquiries through their engineer as to where a largely increased supply could be obtained.

Manchester stands alone in her peculiar position. Nowhere on the earth's surface is there such another number of large towns clustered together containing collectively so great a population in so small an area; and in her case there were these peculiar difficulties to be encountered. The Longendale works were among the first of the kind in this country, and there therefore existed no precedent or experience which could be used for imitation or to improve upon, and up to 1874 the average consumption for one million of people had risen to twenty-four millions of gallons daily. In the year 1874 the Water-works Committee came to the conclusion, under the advice of their engineer, that in the course of seven or eight years the supply from Longendale would be insufficient; and it was resolved to make inquiries as to the best locality whence a larger supply could be obtained.

After a long inquiry and investigation, the Water-works engineer came to the conclusion that the Lake of Thirlmere was the most suitable place to meet all the necessary requirements. The water of the lake was analysed by several eminent chemists, and pronounced the 'purest known.' The collecting-ground is nearly all gravel and shingle or bare rock, and so free from loose or soluble earths, that the water, even after severe winter storms, falls into the lake without sediment or discolouration. The rainfall is exceptionally great, averaging fully ninety-three inches per annum; and a supply of fifty millions of gallons per day can be obtained, sufficient, with the Longendale valley supply, to set any anxiety on this

subject for Manchester and surrounding district at rest for many years to come.

There were, of course, some necessary alterations on the lake to be made, such as would enlarge it to more than double its area and capacity. Thirlmere Lake lies by the side of the highway from Ambleside to Keswick. It was about a quarter of a mile broad, and two and a half miles in length, and stands highest of all the lakes in this district, with the exception of Haweswater, being five hundred and thirty-three feet above the level of the sea. It is hemmed in on all sides but one by rocky crags, and this one place where its waters found an outlet is extremely narrow. The promoters of the scheme declared that 'the conformation of the ground is such that Nature seems to have ordained it for the very purpose to which it is to be applied,' and that 'seldom has Nature made more seemingly careful and elaborate preparations to secure success to engineering efforts.' This may be considered a fair description of the lake and its surroundings previous to the alterations which have been made. An embankment two hundred and eighty-six yards in length has been constructed at its northern end or narrow gorge, through which alone its surplus waters could escape; with the result that Thirlmere has been increased in area from three hundred and thirty-five to eight hundred acres, and fifty feet added to its depth. These alterations have increased its length to about three and three-quarter miles, and its cubical contents to eight thousand one hundred and thirty-five million gallons.

As was to be expected, the proposition to make the beautiful Lake Thirlmere into a 'huge tank' met with fierce reprobation and opposition from the first mention of the scheme. Soon there was formed a 'Thirlmere Defence Association,' numbering in its Committee such names as Ruskin; T. Carlyle; Professors Seeley, Adams, Clarke, and Knight; the Bishop of Carlisle; the Earls of Bradford and Bective, and many other well-known names in the literary, scientific, and social world. The objections to the scheme were chiefly on aesthetic grounds; and a pamphlet with a coloured map of the lake was published, showing a vast expanse of oozy mud and decaying vegetation. The map contained an outline of Thirlmere as it was at that time, with an outer line showing the extent of the muddy foreshore, which was to follow the enlargement of the lake when the water was lowered during the summer months; and rather more than one-half of the area of the lake was thus shown as mud. All kinds of evil sights and smells were to be encountered on its borders if the scheme were carried out. One London newspaper delivered itself as follows: 'In the summer-time, when the store has been used, and water been more scarce, there will probably be a resurrection of buried beauties. The fell side decked with flowers and trees, the quiet farms, and the pleasant winding high-road, may again come to light thickly coated with reservoir mud, mud either parched and cracking with heat, or seething with unwholesome moisture.'

An additional consideration of the motive for the scheme was given by another opponent.

It was suggested 'that it could only be looked on as a scheme of the Town-council of Manchester to use its position as a Corporate body with good credit to borrow money at a low rate of interest, in the hope of making such a large profit by an increased sale of water in the neighbourhood, and a new arrangement to supply South Lancashire and North Cheshire towns, that the ratepayers in Manchester itself will speedily be relieved from paying any rates at all.'

In addition to this opposition, the purchase of way-leave and land in the district was a peculiarly heavy item in the expenditure; some farms had to be bought at one hundred years' purchase, and various pieces of land at a similar ransom. Thus the chorus of disapproval went on in many forms.

But all these objections and bitter feelings are now buried in the past; Manchester has got her water-supply from Thirlmere; and her contention that Thirlmere would in no way be injured, but improved, is generally acknowledged to be justified by the result, inasmuch as, now that it is enlarged, it is more in harmony with the surrounding scenery than formerly. Besides, the raising of the lake has converted the two promontories, Hause How and Deergarth, into a pair of charmingly wooded little islands, standing thirty feet out of the water. The whole valley at the southern end is now submerged; and the hills, by rising from the edge of the lake, form a fine expanse of water, which follows the natural outline of the hills surrounding it. The embankment is scarcely noticeable, and is at the first sight, in the combination, as picturesque as the most ardent lover of Nature could desire; besides, when covered with trees and vegetation, all appearance of artificial construction will be completely removed. A portion of the old road from Ambleside to Keswick being submerged, another has been made higher up the hill-side; and an entirely new road made on the opposite or western shore, five miles long, in place of the rough footpath which was along the margin of the lake, now making that side quite accessible.

It will be understood that the interference with Lake Thirlmere as it was, simply amounts to making it fill up the whole valley, increasing it to double its size. There are no obtrusive buildings, with the exception of a handsome tower at the western end, opposite from the embankment; nothing to mar the beauty of the lake anywhere; and the water is at once conveyed away in a tunnel under ground carefully hid from view.

The contention of the opponents to the scheme amounted in effect to the following: (1) That the beauty of the lake would be destroyed; (2) That there were other places where Manchester could obtain water; and (3) That this example would form a precedent for further encroachment. There is one important fact which may be mentioned in reply to the second objection—that is, that no one has ever named any other suitable place which could fulfil all the necessary conditions. On the other hand, some of the most experienced engineers who have made the supply of water to towns their life-long study and profession have dis-

tinctly stated that 'the Lake District is the only one from which a supply of good and wholesome water can be procured, and no other place is sufficiently high to allow the water to be taken to Manchester by gravitation.'

The first objection was, that the beauty of the lake was sure to be destroyed. It is strange that already the answer can be given to this objection when the enterprise is just completed, and when the scars and wounds left in the landscape are most conspicuous. Let any person acquainted with the district as it was twelve years ago, compare the appearance of the lake at that period with what it is now, and he must acknowledge it to be improved. It is clear the Manchester Corporation could not have gone to a place better adapted for giving its inhabitants a plentiful allowance of pure and good water. The rainfall is greater than at any other place within reach, and the lake is so placed that works of the simplest description only were necessary. The locality is almost without population, and there is no danger of the description most to be apprehended in works of a similar kind and for the same purpose. But all these alarms as regards the destruction of Thirlmere's attractions were raised long before any right conclusion could be arrived at, and by people who could not have had the opportunity of studying—under a competent guide—the details of the scheme on the spot. Loch Katrine, for instance, had been raised by an embankment much higher than the one since erected at Lake Thirlmere, and it has never been suggested that this, the most beautiful of the Scottish lakes, is in any way less beautiful now than it was before, or less frequented by visitors in consequence.

That the third objection has some foundation may be true—that is, that the other lakes of the district would soon be used for a similar purpose if Thirlmere were given up to 'this piece of vandalism.' 'One hears,' wrote one active opponent of the scheme, 'that another large town has got its eyes upon Haweswater; why should not Buttermere and Crummock be in like manner utilised? Ulleswater has been already threatened. The time may come when, instead of a trip to the lakes, we shall hear of a trip to the Tanks, or a month at the Reservoirs.'

The general feeling on the part of the opponents to the scheme was, that if carried out, it would spoil the recreation ground of the toiling population of Lancashire and Yorkshire; and that there was serious danger from the embankment bursting and flooding the country, like the Bradfield and Holmfirth reservoirs when their high insufficient dams were undermined and carried away.

That the motives of most of those who opposed the scheme were sincere and praiseworthy is not to be questioned. They were doing their very utmost to prevent what they considered one of the worst pieces of Vandalism of this century; and it is well that we have in any community gentlemen of position and influence who give their time and means to prevent what they believe to be a serious evil. But was it so? Have they not in their zeal made this a needless controversy as to the

comparative claims of Utility and Beauty? Or, as it has been put, Could the health of Manchester be saved only by the mud of Thirlmere? and in this lies the misconception. For if the opponents of the scheme had clearly understood what was to be done, they would have known that the works at Thirlmere would be scarcely visible, and that the aqueduct itself, except where crossing streams, would be buried deep in the ground, and invisible nearly all the way to Manchester. For really this is not a question of Beauty versus Utility, but whether they can exist together. The rainfall is, as we know, very great, and Manchester simply takes the surplus water of the lake which was flowing away, and makes it contribute to the greatest good of the greatest number; giving them the opportunity, at least, of learning the truth, that 'cleanliness is next to godliness'; while the lake which is to do all this is merely enlarged in area and capacity, and made more proportionate to its surroundings.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE VERDICT.

WHEN the judge took his seat on the bench after lunch, Mr Soames was already in his place, busily engaged in knotting, and then carefully unknotting, a bit of red tape. To those who knew him, this was a sign that he was trying to make up his mind on a point that was not easy to settle. He was, in fact, trying to decide whether he ought to put Mrs Embleton (Lady Boldon's companion) and one or two other witnesses into the box, to prove that Lady Boldon had been complaining of neuralgia for some days before her visit to London, and also call evidence to show that cocaine was sometimes taken as a remedy for that complaint. If he could get the jury to believe that the prescription for cocaine was obtained or copied with an innocent intention, that would be a great point gained. But if the jury were inclined to think Lady Boldon guilty, they would probably believe that the neuralgia was only pretended; and then, if he called witnesses, he would give the Solicitor-general an opportunity of replying—that is to say, he would lose the last word with the jury.

On the whole, Mr Soames thought it better not to forfeit that privilege. He therefore said shortly, 'I call no witnesses;' and Sir Edward Spencer proceeded to sum up the case for the Crown. When he sat down, hardly any one in court doubted that Lady Boldon had had at least a guilty knowledge of the crimes her lover had confessed, if she did not herself inspire them and aid him in committing them.

Mr Soames slowly rose to his feet. In a voice so low that some of the jury had to strain their ears to catch what he said, this skilful advocate began by speaking of the heavy responsibility which rested upon the twelve men before him, and his conviction that they would respond to it. He then begged leave to warn them against a subtle form of injustice which sometimes beset men in their position, anxious to do their duty without fear or favour. The

first and natural impulse was to allow the sympathy to bias the judgment. In the present case, their sympathies must be with Lady Boldon—and here Mr Soames digressed to paint, in a few graphic words, the humiliation and distress of his client's position, and the suffering which at that moment she must be enduring. But, he urged, in the effort to be rigidly just, men not infrequently so steeled themselves against a person in distressing circumstances, that they leaned too much to the opposite side, and thus were positively cruel and unjust to the very persons whom, in their hearts, they pitied. 'You, gentlemen,' he proceeded, 'must be on your guard against this reaction of feeling, as I may call it. I ask for Lady Boldon nothing but justice; but I say let it be that full measure of justice which the poorest woman in the land would be entitled to at your hands.—Gentlemen, it is next to impossible that the purchase of the cocaine was made with a guilty intent. Think a moment. If you are living in the same house with a man, you may, if evilly disposed, drug or poison him. But who would ever dream of walking into a solicitor's office with the intention of poisoning him? Nobody; for the simple reason that in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand there could be no possible opportunity of committing such a crime in a man's office.'

'What Lady Boldon tells you by my lips is this—That she had been suffering from neuralgia more or less for some days—that she consulted a work on medicine, and found that cocaine was recommended as a palliative—that she copied out the prescription, and that, happening to pass a druggist's shop, she handed the paper to Mr Thesiger, who was her escort at the moment, and asked him to go into the shop and buy the drug. Could anything be simpler or more natural? She remained in the cab, because there was no reason in the world why she should do anything else. But if she could have divined that she might have an opportunity of administering the drug to Mr Felix—which was in itself impossible—if she procured it with that object, do you imagine that she would have gone in broad daylight and sat in a hansom outside the shop, where any one, every one, might see her, while the first act in the drama of guilt was being played? Gentlemen, to say that she then plotted murder is not only a guess; it is, to my mind, singularly bad one.'

Mr Soames then went on to tell the jury that they must place no reliance whatever on Lady Boldon's voluntary confession of guilt. No one could doubt that it had been prompted by one mad, generous impulse—the desire of taking upon her own frail shoulders her lover's punishment. Facts, he said, had already disproved that confession. Facts had shown that this lady, who, on the theory of the prosecution, must be a clever criminal, could not concoct a plausible story to serve her own purpose. He then proceeded to enlarge on the absence of any proof of conspiracy between the two accused persons, any proof that they had even talked over the affair of the will.

That brought the advocate to what was

really the crucial difficulty in his case—the finding of the will in Lady Boldon's writing-table drawer. He had already made the jury believe that he was too superior a man to be guilty of throwing dust in their eyes, and he had made no great demand on their credulity so far. Now he boldly maintained that this incriminating fact was the weakest of all the weak scraps of evidence which the prosecution relied upon. He reminded his audience of twelve that it must not be assumed that because a man generally uses a certain table, and it is called his, therefore he must be held to know the contents of every drawer in it. As for the drawer being locked, that was nothing. Drawers in which papers are kept are, or ought to be, always locked. And drawers, he suggested, may be locked, as well as unlocked, by keys that never were made for the locks fitted to them.

'As for the will, gentlemen,' said Mr Soames, 'we know—for my friend cannot ask you to forget what passed in open court this day—we know that Mr Thesiger took it from Mr Felix's office; and we may infer that he conveyed it to Roby Chase. We do not know with certainty that Lady Boldon so much as suspected what the contents of the envelope really were. But let us suppose she did; she may have intended to produce it, and may have feared to do so while suspicion attached to her lover. Nothing, indeed, is more likely.'

'I repeat, we cannot feel at all certain that Lady Boldon knew that her late husband's will was in that drawer. But even if she did know it, how can it be supposed that she intended to destroy it? Unless she intended to destroy it, of course there was no motive for her forming any designs against Mr Felix. And what proof is there that she *did* intend to destroy it? None! Absolutely none. In fact, it is in the highest degree unlikely that she kept it—if she knew it was there at all—with any such intention. Think, gentlemen! You are positively asked to believe that, having got it, after running such frightful risks, she calmly put it into a drawer of her writing-table, and kept it there! A real criminal would have destroyed that document within five minutes of laying her hands on it. Lady Boldon either knew nothing of it; or if she did, kept it by her for days and weeks, without apparently dreaming of injuring it. Gentlemen, that fact speaks for itself. There is no need to say more.'

An involuntary sound, like a long-drawn sigh, followed by a little hum of admiration, told how intently the audience had been listening. Almost before the sound died away, Mr Justice Cherry had turned sideways in his chair, and had begun to address the jury in common-place, conversational tones. As a whole, his summing-up was of a very neutral tint. One observation, however, he made which was of weight. The fact that Sir Richard Boldon's will was found where it was found was, he said, of extreme importance in considering whether Lady Boldon had stolen the will, or whether she was fraudulently concealing it. But Lady Boldon was not being tried for either of these offences. She was being tried for complicity in the death of Mr Felix; and they could not infer that she was an accessory to

the solicitor's death from the fact of her having the will, with as much certainty as they might infer facts about the will itself. For aught they knew, the prisoner might have received the will before she had so much as heard of Mr Felix's death.'

When the summing-up was over, the jurymen rose and began whispering among themselves. Then they sat down again.

'Do you wish to retire, gentlemen?' asked the clerk of arraigns.

'No; we are agreed,' was the answer.

'How say you, then, gentlemen of the jury, do you find Dame Adelaide Boldon guilty of the murder of James Felix, or not guilty?'

And in the midst of a dead silence the foreman answered: 'Not Guilty.'

'And as to the manslaughter?'

'Not Guilty.'

There was a bustle in the court; everybody said something to his neighbour; and here and there some people softly clapped their hands. O'Neil looked at his friend. Hugh Thesiger's face was kindled with triumph, as he looked at Lady Boldon and then glanced around him. He seemed to forget that he was himself awaiting sentence for the crimes of which Lady Boldon had been declared innocent.

'Then as to the second indictment, my lord,' said the Solicitor-general, rising slowly, as he looked fixedly at the judge.

The question was whether it was worth while proceeding with the charge of stealing or concealing the will, seeing that the more serious charge had fallen to the ground. Sir Edward Spencer was tired, and anxious to get away; Mr Soames was tired; the judge was tired; and, now that the excitement was over, the jury were yawning, as it were, in a body.

But Mr Justice Cherry was not the man to assume a responsibility that was not his by rights.

'You must use your own discretion, Mr Solicitor,' he said, with a soft smile on his round, dimpled face. 'The cases are not exactly alike; and if you think there is a chance of your obtaining a verdict, by all means go on.'

'The evidence is the same,' said Sir Edward.

'Yes; but the inferences— However, if the jury think—' He paused, and glanced at the jury. These gentlemen, alarmed at the prospect of going over all the ground a second time, were longing to say something that would procure their release.

'If we have heard all the evidence, my lord,' said the foreman, 'there's no use in our hearing it again.'

'The question is,' said his lordship, 'whether you think the fact that the will was found in Lady Boldon's custody at the time it was found is sufficient evidence to warrant you in finding her guilty of stealing it, or hiding it with a fraudulent intent?'

'My lord, I had no idea the will was in my drawer; I never put it there,' cried Lady Boldon from the dock.

'You must let your counsel speak for you,' said the judge; but this time there was no severity in his tone.

Hugh Thesiger started and looked up when he heard the familiar tones of Lady Boldon's

voice. He opened his eyes, as if in astonishment, and immediately looked down again.

The denial, however, had its effect on the jury. They hurriedly consulted together, and then intimated that they were not prepared to convict on the second indictment. The Solicitor-general then said: 'I offer no evidence, then; and a verdict of Not Guilty was recorded.

Lady Boldon was let out of the dock, a free woman. At the threshold of the enclosure she stopped, turned round, and held out both her hands to her lover.

But the judge was already speaking, and the prisoner's eyes were fixed on him.

'As to Hugh Thesiger,' said his lordship, 'let him be brought up for sentence on Monday morning,' and thereupon he rose from his seat.

Everybody seemed to rise at the same instant. Lady Boldon was almost pushed out of the dock, while two warders placed themselves close to Hugh, one on either side of him. He tried to touch the woman he loved; but it was not permitted. One look he gave her, and a smile was on his face. She gazed after him, uttered one cry, and sank down on the dock-steps. She had fainted.

ART OF MOSAIC.

THIS beautiful method of cementing various kinds of stones, glass, &c., seems to have originated in Persia, whence it found its way into Greece in the time of Alexander, and into Rome about 170 B.C. The critics are divided as to the origin and reason of the name. Some derive it from *moisaicum*, a corruption of *musaicum*, or, as it was called among the Romans, *musivum*. Scaliger derives it from the Greek *Morisa*, and imagines the name was given to this sort of work by reason of its ingenuity and exquisite delicacy. Nebricensis is of opinion it was so called because 'ex illis picturis ornabantur musea.' Mosaic-work of glass is used principally for the ornamentation and decoration of sacred edifices. Some of the finest specimens of this work are to be seen in the pompous Church of the Invalids at Paris, and the fine Chapel at Versailles. Mosaic-work in marble is used for pavements of churches, basilicas, and palaces; and in the incrustation and veneering of the walls of the same structures. As for that of precious stones, it seems to be used only for ornaments for altar-pieces and tables for rich cabinets.

The Mosaic Manufacture at the present day in Rome is one of the most extensive and profitable of the fine arts, and the trade is carried on entirely at the cost of the Government. Workmen are constantly employed in copying paintings for altar-pieces, though the works of the first masters are fast mouldering away on the walls of forgotten churches. The French, at Milan, appear to have set the example by copying in mosaic the 'Lord's Supper' of Leonardo da Vinci; but their plan was to do

much for Milan and nothing for Rome, and consequently a great many invaluable frescoes of Michelangelo, Raphael, Domenichino, and Guido, were left to perish. It takes about seven or eight years to finish a mosaic copy of a painting of the ordinary historical size, two men being constantly occupied in the work. It generally costs from eight to ten thousand crowns; but the time and expense are, of course, regulated by the intricacy of the subject and quantity of the work. Raphael's 'Transfiguration' cost about twelve thousand crowns, and it took nine years to complete, ten men constantly working at it. The execution of some of the latter work is, however, considered very inferior. The slab upon which the mosaic is made is generally of travertin (or tiburtin) stones, connected together by iron clamps. Upon the surface of this a mastic, or cementing paste, is gradually spread, as the progress of the work requires it, which forms the adhesive ground, or bed, upon which the mosaic is laid. The mastic is composed of fine lime from burnt marble, and finely powdered travertin stone, mixed to the consistence of a paste with linseed oil. Into this paste are fixed the 'smalts' of which the mosaic picture is formed. They are a mixed species of opaque, vitrified glass, partaking of the nature of stone and glass, and composed of a variety of minerals and materials, coloured, for the most part, with different metallic oxides. Of these, no fewer than seventeen hundred different shades are in use. They are manufactured in Rome, in the form of long slender rods like wires, of various degrees of thickness, and are cut into pieces of the requisite sizes, from the smallest pin point to an inch. When the picture is completely finished, and the cement thoroughly dried, it is highly polished. Mosaic, though an ancient art, is not merely a revived, but an improved one. The Romans only used coloured marbles at first, or natural stones, in its composition, which admitted of little variety; but the invention of 'smalts' has given it a wider range, and made the imitation of painting far closer. The mosaic-work at Florence is totally different from this, being merely inlaying in *pietre dure*, or natural precious stones, of every variety, which forms beautiful and very costly imitations of shells, flowers, figures, &c., but bears no similitude to painting.

Besides the Government establishment at Rome, there are hundreds of artists, or artisans, who carry on the manufacture of mosaics on a small scale. Snuff-boxes, rings, necklaces, brooches, ear-rings, &c., are produced in immense quantities; and since the English have flocked in such numbers to Rome, all the streets leading to the Piazza di Spagna are lined with the shops of these *museicisti*, &c.

Oriental shells are made at Rome into beautiful cameos by the white outer surface being cut away upon the deeper-coloured internal part, forming figures in minute *bassi-relievi*. The subjects are chiefly taken from ancient gems, and sometimes from sculpture and painting. The shells used for this purpose are principally brought from the Levant; and a great many of these shell cameos make remarkably beautiful ornaments. Hundreds of artists also

support themselves in Rome by making casts, sulphurs, &c., from ancient gems and medals, and in selling or fabricating antiques.

In Clavigero's 'History of Mexico,' a curious and extremely quaint kind of mosaic-work is mentioned as having been made by the ancient Mexicans of the most delicate and beautiful feathers of birds. Various species of birds of fine plumage, with which Mexico abounds, appear to have been raised specially for this purpose, in private houses as well as in the palace of the king; and at certain seasons the birds were plucked and the feathers sold in the market to the mosaic-workers. A high value was set on the feathers of these wonderful little birds, which are called by the Mexicans 'Huitzilin'; and by the Spaniards 'Picaforas,' on account of their small size and diversity of colour. When a work in mosaic was about to be undertaken, all the artists assembled together, and after having agreed upon a design, and taken their measures and proportions, each artist charged himself with the execution of a certain portion of the work. They exerted themselves with such diligence, patience, and application, that frequently one of the artists would spend a whole day in adjusting a single feather, first trying one, then another, viewing it sometimes one way, then another, until he had hit upon one which he considered gave his part of the image that ideal perfection which all the workers had set themselves to attain. When each artist had performed the part allotted to him, another meeting was convened, and the whole design carefully put together. If any part was the least accidentally disarranged, it was done all over again until it was perfectly finished. Small pincers were invariably used for holding the feathers, in order to avoid the least injury; and a special sort of glutinous matter called 'tzamhtli' was used for pasting the feathers on the cloth. All the parts were then united upon a little table or plate of copper, and softly flattened until the surface of the design was as equal and as smooth as that of a pencil.

These were the images so much celebrated by the Spaniards and other European nations. Whoever beheld them was at a loss whether to praise most the life and beauty of the natural colours or the dexterity of the artist and the ingenious disposition of art. These images (says Acosta) were deservedly admired not only for the wonderful execution of the work, but principally for the exquisite appearance they presented when viewed in different shades of light and from alternate sides—exhibiting such delightful colouring that no pencil or painting, either of oil or water colours, had ever been found to produce anything so rich and beautiful.

Some Indians, who were able artists, were so skilful in copying engravings and paintings with various kinds of feathers, that their works are said to rival the best paintings of the Spanish artists. These works were, in fact, so highly esteemed by the Mexicans, as to be valued a great deal more than gold itself. Cortes, Bernal Diaz, Gomara, Torquemada, and many other historians who saw them, were at a loss for expressions sufficient to praise their perfection and beauty. Several works of this kind, we believe, are still preserved in the

museums of Europe, and many in Mexico ; but few of them belong to the sixteenth century, and still fewer are of those made before the Conquest.

ROMANCE OF A BULLOCK CART.

CHAPTER II.

IT was thus that Stanley found himself detailed for a second spell of unpleasant duty, which entailed a temporary residence in a little quinta a few squares distant from the small river called the Riachuela, on the banks of which was situated the *saladero*, or factory, which belonged to 'the house.' Part of his duties was discharged at the factory wharf, where the lighters were loaded that carried the cargo to the ship waiting for it in the outer roads of the river Plate ; part at the Plaza Constitucion, where he received the bales of produce from the sorters and packers in the barracca. He was of course compelled to make frequent journeys between the two points, distant about five miles from each other ; but that was the pleasantest part of his task, for he rode well and had a good horse, which was at once his companion and servant. As work went on from dawn till dark, with a liberal pause at mid-day for *siesta*, it was out of the question that he could continue residence at the central establishment. The duty was therefore equivalent to a temporary banishment, in which his only companions were Italian *peons* and native *gauchos*. As for his other comforts, they were carefully looked after ; 'the house' having provided and furnished the aforesaid quinta specially for the members of their staff who were engaged in such duties.

In this case he had been urged to quick despatch, and it was extremely probable that he would have been ordered to this duty, Mr Bowman's interference notwithstanding. The outbreak of the epidemic had excited general alarm, and it became a matter of the greatest importance to load and despatch the ship before its development might suspend operations indefinitely ; for, as every one knows, business is as exacting as war—neither life nor death, nor pleasure nor pain, must be allowed to interfere with its progress.

This was not explained to Stanley, nor did he trouble himself to think about it. Mr Brown relied solely on his proved diligence and fidelity to orders, and was as satisfied that the work would be done as if he had argued the matter out with him. Working, however, in the very heart of the outbreak, it was impossible for him to escape the signs of it, or to avoid noting its progress. Every other day there was a man missing, and sometimes another one in the afternoon. He would then ask for the absentees, and would receive a sullen reply, '*Muerte*', or perhaps only '*Enfermo*'. This had startled him at first, and excited his liveliest sympathy ; but finding his utter helplessness, he had to harden his heart, and soon he pretended not to notice the shrinkage in numbers of the various gangs.

More than a week passed away, and the work which he had hoped to finish by that

time was little more than half done. He had ceased to urge the men to diligence : they paid no attention, or answered in sullen murmurs ; nor would they adopt some simple measures which he recommended to them to avoid the infection. Some of them had money, and brought flasks of *caña*, or native rum, to their work. They were among those who quickly succumbed. Natives and Italians, *gauchos* and *peons* alike, regard death and suffering with callous indifference. Few are the tears they shed over a departed comrade ; and if they have secret heart-yearnings common to a higher civilisation, they effectually conceal them with a shrug of the shoulders as they roll up another cigarette of black tobacco. But this visitation was different from all former experience. At first, when it was a mere isolated case, paying the debt of nature in the ordinary way, it was dismissed with a rough jest, and work went on as merrily as before ; but with gaps occurring every day in their ranks, and no one to see the enemy that struck them down, '*Carramba!*' they would say, and eye one another with suspicious looks. Then apathetic lassitude claimed them for its own.

Being then short-handed, and having a spiritless crew to work with, Stanley began to have serious fears for the completion of the work, and his practical mind conjured up demurrage claims from the ship, which always irritated the chiefs, and made everybody in the office uncomfortable. Accordingly, he sent off his *chasquè*, or mounted messenger, to headquarters reporting the state of affairs. In reply, he received a letter from Mr Brown, authorising him to engage outside workmen at any cost, and suggesting a consultation with the skipper of the *Lady Gertrude* with the view of engaging his crew. He opined that Englishmen would work in *inferno* itself for double pay. In fact, the letter threw him entirely on his own resources, and made it more than ever incumbent on him to see the work well finished. He resolved first to double the pay of his own men ; then he consulted with his *capataz*, or foreman. That worthy scratched his head stolidly.

'I fear it will be difficult, señor. The men are getting afraid to remain. I hear them talk of throwing up their work, and departing for the camp, even if they abandon their wages ; but this extra pay may change their intentions.'

'They are fools if they think they can run away from the fever,' said Stanley. 'And they will starve in the open country. The camp-people already have taken the alarm ; every *puestero* will set his dogs at the fugitives from town.'

'Very true, señor. I am sure they have not thought of that. I will tell them so.'

'Tell them also that the infection is in the filthy houses in which they sleep.'

'They know that. But what can they do ?'

'If they will abandon their lodgings, I will put up tents for them here in the open fields, where they will be as safe as in the camp. Will they agree to that, think you ?'

'I am sure they will agree to anything, señor, that will be a change for them.'

'How many of our own men have we here now?'

'Twenty-three all told, señor.'

'My God!—twenty-three out of forty-two!'

'But eight of them ran away, señor—only eleven of them *gastados*.'

'Eleven in nine days.'

'*Eso es, señor.*'

'Go, speak with them at once. If any refuses to come and sleep in the tents, he may march without his pay. I will despatch a couple of carts now to bring the tents.'

The capataz soon returned with the intimation that every man was willing and pleased to make the change; on which they mounted their horses and set off in the endeavour to pick up another dozen of men or so.

From the factory to the nearest houses in the suburb of North Barracas, distant about a couple of miles, the road was easy enough for foot-passengers, who could climb the numerous fences that intervened; but for horse and car traffic a long detour was necessary—past the Corrales, through the Plaza Constitucion, and along the Barracas road, now called the Avenue of Montes de Oca. This way led them past the Southern Cemetery, and here, for the first time, Stanley saw the outward visible signs of the dreadful ravages of the plague. A long array of funeral processions were waiting their turn to enter the gates. Hearses, coaches, and carts of all descriptions had their cargoes of defunct mortality. Drivers and attendants smoked, jested, and played cards; while isolated groups of mourners clustered silently together, the image of mute despair. At that time more than a hundred of such processions had to be dealt with daily. Later on, the number reached a fabulous amount, making separate individual interments impossible, and necessitating a wholesale system unparalleled since the Great Plague of London.

Coming in such a shape, the scene was inex-pressibly shocking, and almost more than Stanley's equanimity could bear. There was a difficulty, also, in forcing their way through the multitude of vehicles; and, at his suggestion, they turned back and took the path he was in the habit of using when going to and from the storehouse near the Plaza. Here he left a note to report progress, and learned that the pest had appeared in the residential and business part of the city proper; but shutting from his mind all considerations but that of duty, he pushed on with his companion to the suburb. Arrived there, they stopped at a row of galvanised huts, and the capataz dismounted.

'My two cousins live here; I think I can engage them,' said he. He knocked loudly at a closed door, and getting no reply, he pushed it open. A fetid odour rushed out and made him stagger back. 'Pedro! Pedro!' he called out from the street.

A shaggy, bearded man, in dirty canvas trousers and woollen shirt, appeared at the doorway, sleepily rubbing his eyes.

'Ha, Luis,' said the capataz, 'you are at home to-day. Is your lighter not working?'

'No; the *patrón* is dead—is dead, and I am waiting my turn.' He yawned, and took out

from his pocket a dirty paper of black cigars, drowsily lighted one, and put it in his mouth.

'*Que disparate!* (What nonsense!) Where is Pedro?'

'There he is,' pushing the door wide open. On the earthen floor lay a stark form covered with a much-soiled sheet.

'*Santissima!* When did he die?'

'A little ago. I don't know the hour. Pedrito is gone to the carpenter to buy a new jacket for him.'

'And Maria?'

'Gone—*gastado*; buried yesterday or day before—I forgot. Have you any tobacco? Mine is nearly done.'

The capataz gave him a handful of cigarettes, and turned to Stanley, still sitting on his horse.

'What must I say to him?'

'Ask him if he will come after the funeral, and bring his little boy with him. His clothing must be disinfected by the police.'

A conversation ensued between the two cousins, during which the eyes of Luis sparkled and he laughed aloud. 'I will do anything to get away from here, and I will bring two good men with me, and rub them with the *fluido* myself if necessary. But go thou away, thou and thy *patrón*; every house in the infernal Boca is like this. You will do no good. Let the *canalla rot!*' This he uttered in a loud, defiant voice, with right arm extended. Then turning to the capataz, he said softly: 'Francisco, a word with thee. Pedro in there'—indicating the house with a jerk of the head—'has money in the London bank. So have I. If I go, and thou art spared, thou wilt find the books. Send little Pedrito with the money home to his grand-dad in Genoa.—Wilt thou do that? Swear.'

'I swear by my saint, Francisco, I will do it.'

'Swear also by his and mine.'

'I swear it by San Pedro, San Luis, and San Francisco.'

'I am satisfied: your *patrón* is English—he believes not in the saints.'

'I will go bail for Francisco's honesty, if that is what you mean,' said Stanley.

'So will I,' replied Luis. 'But he is no scholar, and the police and lawyers are all *ladrones*. If you will show him how to go about it, I will be grateful.'

'I promise that. But if you come to our tents, I do not think you will need his services.'

'I am satisfied. I will come to the tents. But take you my advice, and get away.'

The general aspect of everything round about seemed to support that advice; and returning the man's salute, they rode back to the factory with all possible speed.

The encampment was a great sanitary success. The plague that raged not more than three miles away never entered it, although this was no doubt due to its locality as much as to its sanitary regulations. For it came to be known that outside of the city boundaries the yellow fever of 1871 had never made any spontaneous appearance. Nevertheless, when censure and praise came to be awarded, Stanley Brown

came in for his share of the latter. The men were practically isolated from the town, away from the depressing influence of the sadness that reigned there. They worked with hearty good-will, and kept the crew of the *Lady Gertrude* busy stowing cargo. It was with a feeling of unmistakable relief that Stanley saw the last boat-load of her cargo drop down the stream. Another day's work arranging his papers and leaving the encampment in charge of Francisco, he set off with a light heart for the city. The aspect of the streets as he rode along was disheartening. Traffic was entirely suspended. Occasional carts laden with plain white oblong boxes moved slowly along, the driver seated in front smoking the eternal black cigarette; the attendant perambulating the narrow pavement, calling out in a monotonous sing-song, '*Cajones funebres*'. The knockers of numerous doors were tied up with black cloth. At the *zaguán* or hall door of many houses appeared an Italian hawker, seated on one of these boxes, waiting the summons to carry it inside to receive its expectant occupant, who lay dying within.

At the office he received a solemn welcome. Mr Gilroy thanked him briefly, and dismissed him to his usual desk.

'I say, old man, you must have had an awful time of it,' whispered Bowman from the opposite desk.

'Oh, no, it was jollier than here,' said Stanley.

'Of course you know that old Brown has gone.'

'Gone—where?'

'Gone aloft, stupid—at least, we hope so.'

Stanley had noticed, as he passed through Mr Brown's room, that it was empty; but he did not for a moment connect with his absence such a reason as that. He took refuge in his usual silence, and turning over the pages of his wool ledger, he attempted to renew his search for the missing sheep-skins.

Bowman's forte, however, was not silence; he continued, with an affected sigh: 'Poor old chap! I hope he is well off—better even than if he had married Maggie.'

'Do you mean Miss Chumley?'

'Yes, of course. But I call her Maggie, you know.'

'Are you engaged, then?' asked Stanley with a sudden sinking of the heart.

'No; not exactly engaged. The time is out of joint. I am not so selfish as trouble her with a formal declaration, with all this worry and sickness around. But we understand each other—the language of the eye, you know; two souls that beat as one, you know.'

'Does Mr Gilroy know that you talk that way about his ward?'

'Oh dear, no. I am mum to every one except you; you are my chum, you know. I must tell you, or "bust".'

'You see her often, then?'

'Sometimes. She and her aunt go to the *estancia* to-morrow, and I am going to escort them.'

'Did Mr Gilroy tell you so?'

'Not yet—time enough for that. He sent me out last night to acquaint them with the

arrangements; and when she asked who would go with them, I offered promptly, and she was delighted.'

'But he may go himself.'

'Not he. I heard him say he could not get away because of poor Brown, you know. Fact is, if this dashed fever gets worse, I believe he will shut up shop and send us all in to the camp. That would be jolly, eh?'

Stanley was in no mood to appreciate the jollity of it, and yet he reproached himself for being unworthily jealous. If they were, as Bowman said, practically engaged, he had the best right to the escort duty; and in the proffer of his services he had evidently secured the approval of the young lady. But was his story to be relied on? His friend Bowman may have too liberally interpreted the language of the eye, and the theory of the unison of souls evolved from his own conceit.

There was a minute's pause. Bowman was burning to enlarge on the subject, when Stanley was summoned through the speaking-tube to Mr Gilroy's room. That gentleman had a sheet of paper in his hand. 'Stanley,' said he, 'I am pleased with your conduct in the *Lady Gertrude* business. I have another task for you—I hope a pleasanter one. My ward, Miss Chumley, her aunt, and maid, go to the *estancia* the day after to-morrow. They will not use the railway, as contact with odd people is not very safe. They will go all the way in the carriage. I wish you to escort them. As you will only have our own horses, you must make two days' journey of it.—Do you know the road?'

'Only as far as Lujan; but I cannot possibly miss it.'

'You must sleep there; it is the only place on the road with a fairly good hotel. That will give you fifteen leagues to travel the second day; so you must start at daybreak.'

'I quite understand, sir.'

'The *estancia* house is rather poorly provided at present; here is a list of requisites. Take one of the bullock carts from the barracca; get it loaded with these goods and despatched immediately. It must arrive as soon as you, or the ladies will be put to some inconvenience.—Have you a weapon?'

'I have a revolver.'

'You'd better have it handy. They tell me that the camp roads are infested with fugitives from the city.'

Stanley went out feeling an inch taller, his bosom swelling with delight at this commission. His alacrity in putting past and locking up his books attracted Bowman's attention.

'Hollo! What's up now?' he shouted.

'I am sent to buy a lot of things for the *estancia*, despatch them by bullock cart, and then—' He paused: he thought it would hurt Bowman's feelings if he told the rest. It would look like crowding over him.

Mr Bowman did not notice anything; he chuckled, 'The governor always sets these jobs on you; sort o' head-porter's work, eh?'

'All right; it suits me,' replied Stanley as he left the office with chin erect and beaming countenance.

'By jingo! he looks as if he liked it too,'

muttered Bowman. 'It would take me down a peg if I were asked to do such work.'

If the work of a head-porter did not suit him, he at that moment received a commission which was more in the way of a junior porter. A sealed letter was handed to him from a fellow-clerk. 'The governor says you are to take that letter at once, Bowman.'

It was addressed to Miss Ada Chumley. Miss Ada was the aunt, and near enough to his divinity to take the sting from the menial character of the order. He also put past his books, locked his desk, and left the office with a smirk on his face. He heard that a remark passed from one clerk to the other as he went out; but he did not overhear its purport. Had he done so, it would have been of no consequence, for clearly it was to be attributed to envy. It was: 'What a conceited ass that fellow Bowman is!'

A smart ride of half an hour took him to the quinta Gilroy. The boulevard of Santa Fé did not then exist in its present form. It was a broad, rough road, lined with cactus hedges, having here and there a secluded quinta house embosomed in fruit-trees, vines, figs, and peaches. The tramway was then in course of construction, the rails running on a causeway elevated in many places three feet from the road-level. The suburb of Belgrano was even then the favourite dwelling-place of the English community, notwithstanding its difficulty of access. There was a railway, but the horse was the great instrument of locomotion. Every errand-boy had his nag, and beggars—of whom there were always abundance—plied their vocation from horseback. In the great merchant-houses, the principals and clerks all lived on the premises together. There was a *corralon*, or yard, attached or adjacent, in which the horses required for daily use were accommodated. Bowman therefore had no train or tram to catch; he simply saddled his horse and rode off, congratulating himself mightily.

TANGHIN, OR THE POISON ORDEAL OF MADAGASCAR.

THOUGH ordeals by fire and water are, or have been, national judicial institutions of world-wide distribution, resource to a deadly poison as a legal remedy has not met with such universal recognition. With the exception of the 'Red Water' ordeal of the Papuans, and the 'Bitter Water' of certain Melanesian tribes, Poison Ordeals are strictly confined to the Dark Continent, of which the ordeal of the Calabar Bean as practised by the negroes of Old Calabar is the most popular and well-known instance. Although Livingstone, Du Chaillu, and other African explorers mention the use of certain roots for poison ordeals by Central African tribes, and Guinea natives are known to use a form of *strychnos* for the same purpose, we think we are justified in stating that no exact analogue of the Tanghin of Madagascar can be found in any of the ordeals practised elsewhere.

The source of the poison—from which it also derives its name—is the 'Tanghinia venenifera,' a plant indigenous to Madagascar. Flacour,

governor of the French settlement at Fort Dauphine in the seventeenth century, wrote an account of the island of Madagascar on his return to France, and in this quaint and interesting work a description of 'Le Tangéna' is given, which evidently was not the modern form of the ordeal, but was more akin to the Melanesian 'Bitter Water' in that death never resulted from the direct action of the poison. Evidence from various sources leads to the conclusion that the 'Tanghinia venenifera' was first used for judicial purposes at the beginning of this century, from which period it was consistently employed until the abolition of ordeal by poison in 1864 by international treaties.

The Tanghin tree is somewhat like a chestnut in appearance. As its foliage is of a dark-green hue and its flower of a gorgeous crimson, it presents a very attractive sight during the months of October and November. Botanists would more accurately describe the tree as belonging to the order of the 'Apocynaceæ,' and its fruit as a drupe; but as botanical names only appeal to the initiated, we will continue the description without employing them.

About the middle of November, the flowers fade, and a small green fruit appears, which rapidly increases in size until Christmas, when the fruit attains maturity. It is then something like a large yellow egg-plum, though the skin is not of one uniform tint, but is streaked with varying tints of red and brown. The pulpy portion of the fruit is of a repulsive gray colour, and possesses a correspondingly disgusting taste; and in the centre of this is found the kernel, which is enclosed in a bivalve like the common almond. The kernel is the poisonous part of the fruit, and has been found to contain a most violent poison, which is not strychnine, or, in fact, an alkaloid or nitrogenous compound at all, but a substance which is probably unparalleled in the whole range of toxicological chemistry.

The Tanghin was reserved for the detection of such crimes as treason and witchcraft, or anything directly or indirectly due to the intervention of the supernatural; and as such crimes were frequent and the circle of suspicion wide, it acted as a constant drain on an already scanty population. Ellis computes that three thousand persons perished annually under this ordeal, that a tenth of the entire population drank it in their lives—some four or five times—while, of those who drank, more than half died on the spot or from the after-effects.

For minor offences the ordeal was performed thus: If two parties disputed on a subject on which no direct evidence could be got, each selected a dog from a pair of equal size and condition, and both animals received similar doses of Tanghin. The party whose dog first succumbed was adjudged to be in the wrong; and if both dogs expired simultaneously, the case was decided on a basis of equality; or if this was out of the question, the ordeal was repeated.

In the case of serious crimes, however, being alleged against any one, the ordeal was much more severe, as the persons suspected had themselves to swallow the Tanghin. The ordeal was a truly national institution, government officials called *mpanozon-doha*, or 'cursers of the

head,' or, more colloquially, *mpampinona*, that is, 'those who compel to drink,' administered the ordeal; and to be a *mpampinona* was considered both a lucrative, respectable, and even an honourable position. The *mpampinona*, by personal and secretly transmitted experience, could so manipulate the ordeal that their clients had a chance of escaping with little more than a violent fit of vomiting; while they could insure with deadly certainty the removal of an obnoxious individual. The Tanghin thus administered became a most powerful agent in carrying out the crooked ends of an unscrupulous state policy; and we need hardly say that the Government in power freely availed themselves of this convenient method for the removal of prominently obtrusive members of the Opposition.

A great gathering always collected to witness a Tanghin ordeal, the centre of attraction, of course, being the *mpampinona*, his executive, and the victim or victims. To inspire confidence, the poison was prepared in public by the *mpampinona*, who took two kernels of the fruit of the 'Tanghinia venenifera,' and having split each carefully in half, he ground two halves of different kernels—to insure uniformity of poison—on a stone with a little water. A white emulsion is thus obtained, which, on dilution with the juice of a banana leaf, partially dissolves. Having administered this potion, the 'curser of the head' let his hand on the brow of the victim, and broke forth into a wild stream of denunciation and invocation, beginning, 'Ary mandrana, mandrana, Manamango. Listen, listen, oh Manamango [the Poison Spirit or "Searcher of Hearts"]. Thou hast no eyes, but thou seest; ears hast thou not, but thou hearest; a round egg brought from afar, from lands across the great waters [possibly an allusion to the introduction of poison ordeal by the Arabs], thou art here to-day. Hear and judge, for thou knowest all things, and wilt decide truly. If this man hath not done aught by witchcraft, but has only employed natural powers, let him live. If he has only committed a crime against the moral code [in the original, a long category of these offences is given], slay him not; but by the door where down thou wentest, return, oh Manamango! [The poison is a violent emetic.] But if he has employed witchcraft, then hasten; stay not; end him; slay him; choke him; seize his vitals in the deadly clutch, and destroy at once and for ever the foul life of this wicked man, oh Manamango, thou that knowest all things, and who searchest the secret hearts of all men.'

Some years ago, a friend of the writer's took a verbatim copy of the above harangue as reproduced by a native who had twice successfully undergone the ordeal, and on whom the whole ceremony had left very vivid and lasting impressions. The above is a fair translation of the leading points in the argument, which in the original are fully expanded by minute details as to the crimes within and the misdemeanours without the jurisdiction of the Tanghin, as well as by very horrible minutiae of the fearful agonies to be inflicted on the guilty, and the exhilarating prospects for the self-righted innocent.

This adjuration ended, the accused was forced to swallow three pieces of fowl-skin, each about an inch square, without touching them with his teeth. Copious draughts of rice-water were then given to wash down the three pieces of skin; and when this was at last effected, warm water was added to accentuate the emetic character of the poison. If the three pieces of skin are discharged intact, Manamango has decided on the innocence of the suspect; and his friends are then free to do anything they please to increase his chances of recovery. If the three pieces are retained, or are only partially discharged, the man is declared guilty; and one of the executive, whose especial duty it is, puts an end to the writhing and speechless agony of the unfortunate victim by a blow from a wooden rice-pestle or *fanolo*.

Establishment of innocence by this method more often than not resulted in death from the after-effects, unless special precautions had been taken, or the subject was possessed of an abnormally tough constitution. Practised experts, by using immature fruit and selecting kernels of light colour, which are not so poisonous as the redder ones, and also by skilful arrangement of things, could secure a satisfactory termination—from the patient's point of view—of the ordeal, so that it became quite noticeable that filthy lucre could often tempt the immaculate Manamango to favourable decisions. Notwithstanding this obvious corruption, the masses of the people believed confidently in the Tanghin and in Manamango; and even now, many natives would avail themselves of it, if allowed to do so.

In 1857, a Frenchman called Laborde, who headed a frustrated conspiracy to assassinate Queen Ranavalona I. and to place Radama II. on the throne, was arrested and charged with high-treason. He appealed to the Tanghin ordeal; but the Government refused him that privilege on the ground that he was a foreigner; and so he was banished from the island, much to his chagrin.

It is thought that M. Laborde had cultivated a provident intimacy with the chief *mpampinona*, and consequently was quite prepared to undergo the necessary gastric convulsions, if thereby he could 'quash' an inconvenient charge of high-treason. However that may have been, we think M. Laborde was the only European who had sufficient confidence in this somewhat risky tribunal to be willing to stake his existence upon it.

ROMANTIC TALES OF INDIAN WAR.

THE BLOCKADE OF AGRA IN 1857.

ONE of the most prominent sights in Agra is the majestic fortress built by the Great Akbar, with walls seventy feet high, and more than a mile and a half in circuit, surmounted by beehive crenellations, and surrounded by a deep and broad ditch, lined by solid masonry, and crossed by drawbridges of great strength, commanded by flank defences. The walls are built of great blocks of red sandstone; and even if not so strong as they look, or not calculated to resist modern artillery so well as earthworks,

still, if well defended, the fort of Agra would prove a very difficult place to take, because, if the walls were knocked down by a bombardment, the mass of material to get over would be so great that it would be exceedingly difficult to take the place by storm, even if the stormers were supported by every modern appliance of war.

The date of the building of this stately fortress is not correctly known; but Akbar, the greatest of the Mogul Emperors, ascended the throne in 1556 A.D., and the great fort of Agra is supposed to have been completed within the first twelve years of his reign. The reign of Akbar has always been considered the palmy days of the Mogul Empire. Akbar may be said to have been a 'Home Ruler.' Early in his reign, he fully recognised the fact that to successfully rule the Hindus he must not treat the Mohammedans as favoured foreign conquerors, but do his utmost to blend all his subjects into one common nationality, with common rights and privileges; and it was the foreigners of his own creed who were first made to feel the weight of his strong hand. But enough by way of introduction; this is not a history of the Mogul Empire under Akbar, but a Romantic Tale of the Mutiny of 1857.

In 1857 Agra was the capital of the Northwest Provinces, and Mr John Colvin was the Lieutenant-governor; and but few places were considered more capable of resisting rebellion and standing a siege than the stately fortress of Akbar, if properly victualled. In July 1857, General Sir Patrick Grant, the acting commander-in-chief before the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell, described the fort of Agra as 'a strong and regular fortification, thoroughly armed with heavy guns, manned by a European garrison of over a thousand men, with an arsenal thoroughly supplied with every munition of war within its walls.' The only fear on the mind of the officiating commander-in-chief was lest the authorities had neglected to collect and store provisions. In such a case, the garrison of Agra might be starved into submission; and this the authorities had neglected to do. When the waves of mutiny and rebellion burst upon Agra, and the cry arose on all sides, 'Feringhee ke Raj hogaya' (The rule of the Feringhee is over), the fort of Agra was without victuals of any sort. But I will give the remainder of this Romantic Tale in the words of Rahim Buksh as nearly as I can remember them. My readers can form their own conclusions about the credibility of the story, but the moonshee always related it as a fact of which he had been an eye-witness.

When the rebellion and mutiny of 1857 overtook the authorities of Agra, the treasury was without money and the fort without victuals. There was not even sufficient grain

stored in the fortress to grind flour for one day's bread for the European troops of the garrison, and the grain-dealers in the city absolutely refused to supply the commissariat department with grain except on cash payment; and there was no cash in the treasury. By order of the Lieutenant-governor, Mr E. A. Readie, the Financial Commissary, tried to negotiate a loan of five lakhs (500,000) rupees from the principal bankers and merchants of Agra; but none of them would advance a farthing; nor would the grain-dealers accept supply bills for grain even at a profit of one hundred per cent.

Matters stood thus on the 5th of July, when the Kotah Contingent, a compact force of cavalry, infantry, and a battery of six guns, mutinied, and murdered the most of their European officers, a few miles from Agra, and were reported to be advancing to sack and burn the cantonments and to lay siege to the fort.

On Sunday, the 5th of July, the authorities of Agra committed the same mistake as was done at Lucknow in the unfortunate attempt to fight the mutineers at Chinhut, with much the same result. A force consisting of six hundred and fifty of the 3d Bengal Europeans, a battery of field-artillery, and two hundred volunteers, composed of officers of mutinied regiments, Civil Servants, merchants and clerks, left the fort of Agra to give battle to an enemy estimated at ten times their number, with the result that the British were defeated with a loss of one hundred and forty-one men killed and wounded, but mostly killed, because no proper arrangements had been made for carrying back the wounded. Amongst the slain was the brave and chivalrous Captain D'Oyly, commanding the artillery, whose death was not only a calamity, but an irreparable loss for the garrison. He had protested against the expedition from the first, but was overruled, and, like the brave soldier that he was, he nobly did his duty. His horse was shot under him at the commencement of the action; and when his gunners were decimated by the fire of the enemy, Captain D'Oyly took his place amongst the men, and whilst assisting to extricate the wheels of a gun that had sunk in the soft ground, which was soaked with heavy rain, he was mortally wounded in the side by a grape-shot. He was lifted on to a tumbril, where he supported himself, and continued to give orders till he fell exhausted from loss of blood. His last words were: 'Ah! they have done for me now; but don't leave my body to be cut up and mutilated. Carry me back to Agra, and put a stone over my grave, and say I died fighting my guns.' Lieutenant Lamb, another promising artillery officer, was also mortally wounded.

At this point the retreat of the British became a rout, which was seen from the high towers of the fort. The alarm was passed to the cantonments, and the European residents rushed to the gates and into the fort for protection. When the retreating troops reached cantonments, they were joined by a detachment which had been on guard on the civil jail, and all rushed for the protection of the

fort. The prisoners in the jail broke loose—3500 convicts—and all the *budmashes* (bad characters) of the city rose and armed themselves and joined the escaped convicts, and hastened to pillage and burn the European quarters in cantonments, and on all sides the cry was: ‘The rule of the Feringhee is over.’

The night closed dark and rainy, and all was confusion inside the fort, and outside resembled ‘hell broke loose.’ Every European house was plundered and then set on fire; and thirty Europeans, or persons classed as Europeans, who had not gained the protection of the fort, were cruelly murdered. When, at midnight, the noise of a great cavalcade was heard approaching from the direction of Sikandra—a beautiful garden about five miles from Agra, where the tomb of the Emperor Akbar is—the noise of the advance of this cavalcade was heard above the uproar of murder and plunder going on in cantonments lit up by the glare of burning houses. Above all this dreadful din, the trumpeting of elephants, the neighing of horses, and the beating of drums—in brief, the noise of the advance of a great host—was distinctly heard approaching the main gate of the fort, which was securely barred, with drawbridges raised. The sentries stood on their posts paralysed with fear at the sound of the great commotion as it came nearer and nearer, till at length the cavalcade appeared to be advancing over the raised drawbridge and through the closely-barred massive gates, without the least delay or opposition. The Europeans heard the noise, but did not see the figures of the cavalcade; yet the noise was sufficient to paralyse them with fear.

At this stage, a Sikh sentry, named Jawhir Sing, posted on the quarters of the Lieutenant-governor, was suddenly inspired with courage to challenge the uncanny intruders by asking the question, ‘Kis ke Sowaree hain?’ (Whose cavalcade comes?) The reply was instantly given in three languages at once, Urdu, Punjabi, and English: ‘The cavalcade of Akbar, king of kings, whose palace is in Paradise; come back to his throne on earth to give strength and power and wisdom to the English. Fear not, Jawhir Sing; the rule of the English is not over, for Allah has given them the kingdom, and no power which shall rise up against them shall prosper. Allah Hu Akbar—God alone is great.’

The sentry, in spite of his fear, replied: ‘Advance, Akbar Badsha. All is well,’ when an enormous elephant, with tusks more than two yards long, glistening like silver, advanced and kneeled down; and an old man, his kingly robes glistening with jewels, his eyes shining like carbuncles, with a glistening white moustache, just like the pictures of Akbar Badsha so common about Agra, descended from the golden howdah and stood before the sentry, who had been inspired with the boldness to challenge, and in a commanding but sweet and pleasant voice said: ‘I am Akbar, king of kings. Prostrate thyself, and repeat after me, and say: “God is one God. He is the Eternal God. He begetteth not, neither is He begotten. And there is not any one like unto Him.” In the name of the Most Merciful, arise, go, and be

circumcised, and assume the name of Abd’allah Rahman’ (a follower of God, the Most Merciful, a common name for all converts to Mohammedanism), ‘and repeat the prayer: “Praise be to God the Lord of all creatures, the Most Merciful, the King of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of Thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious, against whom Thou art not incensed, and who have not erred from the right way. Amen!”’

The vision of the Emperor continued: ‘Arise! Go to the great mosque, and be circumcised, and proclaim to the Faithful: “Verily, the rule of the British shall not be overthrown, although they are sore pressed; but Allah hath given them the kingdom.” This I swear by the Holy and Instructive Koran. As for John Colvin, Bahadur’ (Valiant or Mighty), ‘bear good tidings to him of mercy and an honourable reward. For, verily, sixty-six days hence he shall join me in Paradise; and within the compass of one moon from the date on which he shall be carried to his rest, his people shall no longer need my protection. Till then, I and my retinue shall guard this fortress. Amen! Allah Hu Akbar.’

On this, the vision of Akbar remounted the elephant, and the cavalcade passed on. But from that date, every night, until the relief of Agra on the 10th of October by General Greathead, the cavalcade was regularly heard passing through the fort at midnight. And when challenged by any sentry, in the usual terms, ‘Who comes there?’ the reply was invariable: ‘The cavalcade of Akbar, the guardian of this fortress, passes;’ and the sentry was always compelled to reply, in spite of himself: ‘Pass, Akbar Badsha. All is well.’

But although the European sentries heard the noise every night at midnight, they never saw the vision. After the first night, it was only seen by devout Moslems. How Abd’allah Rahman, the converted Sikh, got to the great mosque, which was outside the fort, he never knew. But he got outside and to the mosque somehow; and long before the cock crew, he had proclaimed the vision to every follower of the Prophet in the city of Agra. And on peeping through a chink in the wicket of the main gate at daybreak the following morning, the first thing the European sentries saw was about a score of carts, on the opposite side of the drawbridge, loaded with bread fresh from the ovens, which Lalla Jottee Pershand had baked at his own house in the city after hearing the proclamation of the vision of Akbar Badsha. And within the next few days, the Lalla (a Persian title given to gentlemen of position in Upper India, equivalent to the honorary title of Doctor, in English, LL.D.), Jottee Pershand, had poured sufficient provisions into the fort to victual the garrison for a siege of more than six months’ duration, accepting payment in supply bills bearing five per cent. interest.

Such was the effect of the vision of Akbar. And on the 9th of September, just sixty-six days from the night of the vision, Mr Colvin, worn out with hard work and anxiety, died; and within the revolution of another moon from the date of his funeral, the blockade of

Agra was raised, and the garrison relieved. Such was the romantic tale of Rahim Buksh, moonshee.

Although I well remembered the story, I never had an opportunity of verifying it by any other testimony than that of the moonshee till December 1893, when I visited the fort of Agra in the company of Colour-sergeants Gunn and White, and Armouurer-sergeant Smallwood of the 2d Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the successors of the old 93d, to whom I related the romantic story of the vision of Akbar. And I asked the old maulvie who was acting as our guide if he had ever heard the story, when, to my surprise he told me that he had not only heard it, but that he was actually an eye-witness to the vision, and could vouch for the truth of every word of it. I asked if he knew if Abd'allah Rahman, the converted Sikh, was still alive; and he told me that, after the Mutiny, he had received a grant of several villages from the Government, which he had sold, and spent the money in religious endowments, after which he retired to Mecca, and became a saint, and died there some years ago.

I then suggested to the maulvie that I did not in the least misdoubt his veracity or the correctness of his judgment, but that I thought the vision might be accounted for on natural grounds, as a pious fraud performed by some one possessed of a magic-lantern, an instrument which was not so well known in India in 1857 as in 1893. And I suggested that the vision might have been performed on behalf of Lalla Jottee Pershand, who was known to have held about a million and a half sterling in Company's paper, the whole of which he would have lost if the rule of the British had been overthrown.

The old man indignantly repudiated this solution of the mystery, and exultingly asked how a reflection from a magic-lantern could have repeated a whole chapter from the Holy and Instructive Koran, and caused a bigoted Sikh to undergo circumcision and become a devout follower of the Prophet; besides having spirited him outside the locked gates and uplifted drawbridge of the fort to the Jumna Mosque, where the officiating mullah had been warned in a vision to be ready to perform the rite of circumcision. Furthermore, how could the reflection from a magic-lantern have predicted the death of the Lieutenant-governor, or the raising of the blockade, and the relief of the garrison? A magic-lantern be blowed! only an unbelieving heretic could suggest such an explanation.

I had to admit that the logic of such an argument was irresistible. But I only regained the good opinion of the old maulvie by tipping him a couple of rupees backshish. Such is the story of the vision of Akbar and the evidence in support of it. I am informed that the story is related either in a biography of Mr John Colvin or some other work about the Mutiny in Agra in 1857. I have never seen any such work. But my informant positively assures me that he read the story in some book in the Public Library of Melbourne. Be that as it

may, I have no doubt that the reported vision did the British good service in the dark days of 1857, as also did the great comet of September 1858.

WHAT BECOMES OF UNCLAIMED MONEY.

THERE is a vast amount of buried wealth in the world besides that which the ocean covers, and the virgin ore awaiting the miner's call; but few people know the *locale* of these hidden moneys. In the following jottings, we have endeavoured to indicate the chief sources from which Unclaimed Moneys arise, and how they are dealt with.

Funds in Chancery (England).—The exact amount of the unclaimed funds belonging to suitors or their representatives, undealt with for fifteen years or upwards, is £2,327,823. Prior to 1869, such money was invested in Government securities; but in 1870 the funds were used towards the reduction of the national debt, the Consolidated Fund being thenceforward liable in respect of all successful claims to such funds. On the 28th of February 1893, the total funds in the Supreme Court of Judicature were £65,481,866; but the proportion unclaimed is not stated. It is a remarkable fact that part of the surplus interest of these funds—representing over one million pounds—was applied towards the erection of the Royal Courts of Justice. Moreover, in 1881, Mr Gladstone's Government borrowed no less than forty million pounds of the suitors' funds for national debt purposes.

Funds in Chancery (Ireland).—It is proposed to build a new Law Library in Dublin, at a cost of some fifteen thousand pounds, out of the unclaimed suitors' funds. Many years ago, a similar appropriation of nearly two hundred and fifty thousand pounds was made towards building the Courts of Law in Dublin. The Consolidated Fund is liable to make good this deficit.

Unclaimed dividends on Government Stocks.—All dividends and stock unclaimed for ten years are transferred to the National Debt Commissioners till claimants appear. In 1866, no less than three million pounds of the unclaimed stock was cancelled, and the Consolidated Fund made liable in respect of successful claims to such money. In 1890, the balance of stock remaining unclaimed was £853,132, and the unclaimed dividends amounted to £1,387,969. It may be mentioned that the Exchequer some years since realised a windfall of £150,211, representing fractions of pence saved in the payment of dividends. This is one more proof of the old saying, 'Many a mickle makes a muckle.'

Estates Reverting to the Crown.—In 1884, the Statute of Limitations was applied to the recovery of estates falling to the Crown by

reason of persons dying intestate without known heirs. Funds which had been accumulating for centuries were thus swept into the coffers of the State. The total amount received by the 'Crown's Nominee' from 1876—the date of the passing of the Intestates' Estates Act—to 1893 reached £1,708,963. A large portion, however, was claimed by the rightful heirs; and, after payment of the Crown's share, for Her Majesty's use, the balance in hand in 1893 was £96,147.

Bankrupts' Estates.—The new Bankruptcy Offices have been erected out of part of the unclaimed funds in Bankruptcy. The total liability of the Exchequer in respect of unclaimed moneys arising from bankruptcy in England and Ireland is £1,136,055.

Scottish Estates.—The Register Office, Edinburgh, was built out of funds arising from 'forfeited estates.'

Soldiers' Money.—No less than £114,170, representing the amount of the effects of deceased soldiers, has accumulated during the past twenty years. This amount has been handed over to the Patriotic Fund Commissioners for distribution, owing to the rightful heirs failing to claim.

Army and Navy Prize-money.—Upwards of six hundred thousand pounds of the unclaimed army prize-money has been used for keeping up Chelsea Hospital and grounds, &c. The balance due to soldiers or their representatives in 1893 was £102,089. Curiously enough, only fourteen pounds was paid to claimants during this year; while the expenses of the Prize Department were about four hundred pounds. Unclaimed naval prize-money is transferred to the Consolidated Fund. Considerably over two hundred and fifty thousand pounds is due to sailors or their kindred.

The foregoing extracts show part of the large amount of money lying unclaimed in the United Kingdom. It is officially stated that liabilities of the Consolidated Fund are considered to be remote, and the State not likely to be called upon, to any material extent, to discharge. But, on the other hand, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his Budget speech in 1891, stated that in that year 'he had been called upon quite unexpectedly to provide one hundred thousand pounds in respect of unclaimed funds in Chancery. It was supposed that a large sum owing to suitors would never be claimed, and it was written off. Experience had proved that an increased spirit of research, assisted by those means of increased publicity which the day demands and receives, had enabled many suitors, who it was believed would never claim, to make their claim.'

Discussions in Parliament, the Press, and elsewhere, show the urgent need of greater publicity as to all unclaimed funds. Lists of some unclaimed moneys are still only published in the *London Gazette*, while many others are

not published at all. Until these lists are published in newspapers likely to be seen by the persons interested, the amount of money must go on increasing.

THE OLD HOME.

AN IDYL OF MEMORY.

THERE is a gray old homestead into whose dusky chambers and corridors I sometimes stray. It is delightful to become acquainted with their coolness and seclusion on a bright afternoon such as this is; it is delightful to leave the noisy world of reality for this silence, whose peace is as the peace of dreamland. I pass under the low crumbling portal, whose steps are worn with the feet of many generations; and as I pass, it seems to me that a stranger comes forth to greet me, taking my hand and leading me into the quiet shadow.

'Hush!' says this stranger; 'tread softly. Your poet says that all houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted; this is a haunted house.'

A tremor passes over me as I take his hand and hear his words, and I glance around somewhat timidly.

'There is nothing to see,' says my companion, 'and nothing to fear. They that haunt these chambers are spiritual, and can be seen by the spirit alone. I myself, it may be, am only discerned by the souls of those who are willing to know me.'

I look at the speaker curiously, not without a dim sense of fear. His presence is not quite unfamiliar; he has been with me before. Perhaps I should not say 'he,' for I hardly know whether the indistinct figure be that of man or woman. But it seems to me that silence will be golden, so I make no reply, merely following my guide along the shadowy passage.

How quiet it is—how dreamy! Yet these passages, now so deserted, once rang with the voices of children and with the scamper of little feet. Boys and girls played together at hide-and-seek in these corners. Does it not seem that the little feet have left traces upon the stained floor? Does it not seem that a little face might look out upon me from every corner and nook? Those children now—where are they? Some are asleep in the churchyard, with twining grasses and flowers above their heads, buried within sound of the cuckoo and the skylark. Some are busy and careworn men and women, treading places far different from the quiet old homestead. Do they still think of the old haunts, and of their games in the happy bygone? Perhaps they tell their own children tales of that early and half-forgotten time. Perhaps mothers hush their babes to rest with songs learned in this old home. Perhaps visions of the place follow men strangely, as they pace hastily through thronging streets or toil in city offices.

'Look into that old cupboard,' says my companion, 'and you will still find some remains of the children's playthings. There is a wooden horse, with its head broken and all its colour gone; there is a rag-bundle that was once a doll. Time does not spare even the children's

toys; yet he is busier with the children themselves. That wooden horse, that tattered doll, may still lie in some dusty corner, unnoticed and forgotten, long after those who played with them have passed into silence and rest. You take nothing with you out of this world—not even the toys of your childhood, and certainly not the heaped-up possessions of your riper years.'

It seems like sacrilege to touch these relics, or even to look at them; and the stranger's words have made me sad. I pass onward into the low-roofed kitchen whose ingle was once big enough to receive the old settle into its warmth. At first, I seem to hear the crackle of logs in the fireplace, the roar of a winter's storm without; but soon the delusion passes, and I know that there is nothing but summer sunlight falling through a whirl of motes upon a dusty floor. Then my comrade breaks the silence, and tells me of glad gatherings that have been held here so frequently. I hear the stories that have been told by the winter-fire, the jests that wakened laughter, the tales of grief that caused a shudder of pity. I see the children sitting with the ruddy glow on their bright faces; and the mother's eye glances from one to another. By-and-by they are kissed and sent away to bed; and husband and wife remain awhile longer by the fireside. He smokes his long pipe quietly; she is mending stockings that the restless little feet so soon wear into holes.

One by one these children have passed out into the world, or up the mossy path of the church-yard. Then the father also was called to the place of sleep; and the mother, lonely, bowed, with failing sight and trembling hands, stayed yet a little longer by the old hearth, dreaming of the bright faces that had gone. I seem to see her even now; but the sight brings tears into my eyes.

Here are the bedrooms where the children slept. Babes have been born here, and lives have ceased within these walls. An echo as of old lullabies still lingers about the chambers; sometimes, also, a sound as of childish laughter, and the patter of little bare feet. But only the sunlight falls through the dusky casements; and a lonely breeze sighs along the corridor. The rooms are sad and desolate. Birds are twittering outside in the eaves. Let me step forth once more into the golden sunshine; the silence and the solitude have become too heavy, too oppressive. Lead me forth, strange companion! The dusk and dimness of these old chambers weigh upon my soul—I am saddened and dispirited with these memories. Let us go forth into the quaint old-fashioned garden, and the orchard laden with young apples.

But when I look round for my companion, I see no more the dim figure. A sudden dread comes on me, as I hasten tiptoe down the staircase and through the passages. It is a relief to open the creaking garden door.

Greeted by the song of birds, and by the soft breeze that has wandered over cornfield and meadow, I step forth into the sunny air. It is quite a garden of the olden time. The hedges of box still bear a distorted trace of the strange shapes in which they were once cut. Here and there stands a moss-covered image, once the handiwork of man, but now

claimed and taken possession of by nature. I remember how the boy Heine once fell in love with such an image, and kissed its cold lips with rapturous passion. Is he merely feigning when he tells us of this? How well I can realise the impulse to love even a cold statue! Some of us do this in days of ardent life, and find afterwards that we have been loving mere stone. But these poor statues are too much changed, too mouldy, too defaced with creeping things, to allure the lips of any fond admirer. There is no Galatea here, to be called into life by passionate adoration.

Yet do I not hear voices among the shadows, and laughter as of children at play? They are racing to and fro along the tangled paths, hiding in the recesses of laurel and lilac. Surely if I turn this corner I shall see the bright young faces. Perhaps I might forget that I am no longer a child myself, and might join them in their happy frolic. But I glance along the green-sward and up the cool pathways, and see no one; the voices sink into silence. It was the breeze in the orchard that mocked me with a semblance of childish laughter.

The rich light of sunset is beginning to deepen; and through the fragrant air steals a peace that is better than anything daytime had to offer. The birds whisper soft sleepy notes in the branches; night creeps on with gentle pace. A few faint stars begin to glimmer in the quiet sea of blue. Mists rise up from the lowlands, like a silvery veil that slowly possesses all things; but I linger still in the old garden, and beneath the orchard trees, thinking of those bygone times that live in the great treasure-house of eternity.

A COUNTRY MAID.

Her eyes the sun-kissed violets mate,
And fearless is their gaze;
She moves with graceful, careless gait
Along the country ways.
The roses blushing in her cheek
That ne'er decay nor fade,
Her laughter gay, her words bespeak
A simple, country maid.

No flashing gems adorn her hair,
Nor clasp her lily neck,
No jewelled circlets, rich and rare,
Her sun-browned hands bedeck;
But pearly teeth through lips as red
As reddest rubies gleam;
The tresses o'er her shoulders spread
A golden mantle seem.

Her looks are kind, and sweet the smile
That sparkles in her eyes;
Her mind, her heart, are free from guile;
She is not learned or wise.
No worldly art, no craft has she
Acquired, her charms to aid;
And yet she stole my heart from me,
This simple, country maid.

M. ROCK.

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